

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

VOL. III. No. 30. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JAN. 15, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.] PRICE 2 CENTS.

and friends:—  
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COMMISSIONER  
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him. Address, In-

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ist heard from was  
enquiries. Address.

OLIVER. Age 24.  
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J. ACOMB. 6 ft.  
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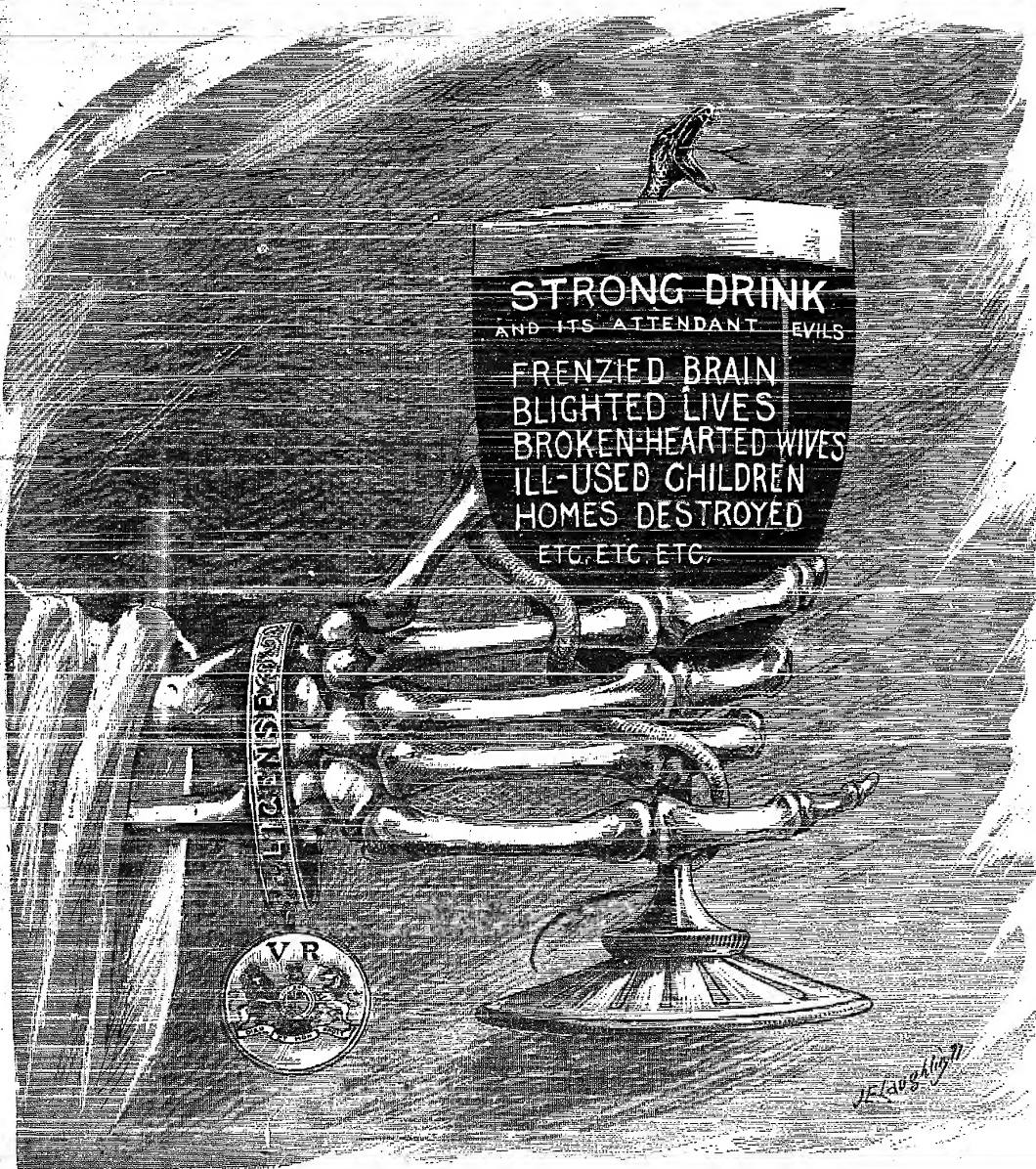
LEAVER, grand-  
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still worse resort

al Gazette of the  
blinded by John  
Printing House,  
man.



## THE DEATH-HAND OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To secure to our citizens "Life, Liberty and a chance to be happy," our Governments exist, but through a legalized drink traffic thousands of citizens are denied per of one, and sometimes all those "inalienable rights."

Useful and Experimental Provings.

WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.  
KNOWLEDGE is invaluable, but salvation from sin is indispensable.  
Theory is only speculative, but the salvation of Jesus Christ is experimental.  
One man can lead a horse to the water's edge, but forty cannot make him drink.

In the whole range of doctrines taught in the Bible, there is none more clearly expressed or emphatically commanded than holiness of heart and life.

One person can lead a soul to the Cross, but all mankind cannot save it; for the relinquishment of the human will to the Divine Spirit is an absolute condition of salvation.

It is just as possible for a person to have the theory of holiness without the spirit and power, as it is to have the theory of justification without the experience.

Sanctification does not make humanity infallible (although the sanctified soul is liable to err than the un sanctified), sanctification does not make an angel of a person in this life (but it will produce angelic feelings within), nor sanctification is not a completion of the work of grace (as many suppose), for experience teaches that there is no point in any of the Christian graces beyond which we may not pass; but sanctification destroys the works of the devil in the human heart, root and branch, leaf and stem, fruit and flower; and fills the soul with Heaven's measure of Divine love, which constrains us to love God with an undivided heart, and fulfill the royal law of love to all mankind.

Fourteen Pointers for Officers.

- J. McD. KERR.
1. Make Jesus supreme.
  2. Honor the Holy Ghost.
  3. Study God's word.
  4. Be much in prayer.
  5. Keep humble. The safest place is at Jesus' feet.
  6. Don't ape others. Be yourself.
  7. Preach the awakening truths to sinners.
  8. Seek fresh messages from the Lord.
  9. Have a passion for soul-winning.
  10. Carry all your financial burdens to Jesus.
  11. Bear patiently the mistakes of others.
  12. Live on the verge of eternity.
  13. Present at every opportunity the full privilege of believers to be sanctified wholly in this life.
  14. See to it that you are connected with Jesus to the Father, like the storage battery to the dynamo.

Pipe at Beaujeour.

Less Small—Insurance Heavy—Gain Enormous.

On Sunday, 14th Inst., Samuel Turner, general merchant, Beaujeour, committed the following goods to the flames, valued at selling price as follows: 67 cigarette papers at three for 5c, \$1.10; 170 cigars at three for 5c, \$1.15; 40 plugs T. & B. tobacco at 25c, \$10; 45 plugs chewing tobacco at 10c, \$4.50; total, \$16.85.  
God's insurance voucher is Mark x, 26-30, therefore the insurance amounts in round numbers to \$5,000 plus eternal life. The loss was say \$20, net gain is \$2,970 and eternal life. As for persecutions see II Cor. iv, 17-18. Then we have great collateral reason of the raising of the discouraged led to murmuring, the murmuring grieved the angered Jehovah, and brought upon them the fiery flying serpents by which thousands were slain. Just so to-day, many allow themselves to lose heart and give in. I know a young man to-day, of what they call a good family, who won't believe.

ABOUT GOING ON.

BY THE GENERAL.

(By the kindness of our "All the World" editorial committee to publish the following article by the General simultaneously with "All the World"—Ed.)

HAVE been asked to write a paper for All the World, and, as an inducement, reminded that from the beginning I have always contributed the opening paper for the New Year's number. The argument employed being, I suppose, that because I have done the task before, I must do it again, and on the strength of this reasoning I have assented.

Now this is a species of argument that I very much admire. You have done it before, do it again! I admire it! It has been a rule of my own life, and a governing principle in my teaching. If it be a good thing that you have done and there is a need for it, do the like again. If it be a duty go on doing it.

A Bad Action Should not Be Repeated.

on any consideration either of seeming present advantage or anticipated loss. Whether a man should persevere in the road on which he happens to be traveling depends entirely on the fact of his being the right one and whether it leads to the destination to which he desires to come. If not, the sooner it is abandoned the better. If a man wishes up to find himself in the broad way of evil, which sooner or later leads to destruction, he must bid it farewell and change over for the way of righteousness at the earliest possible moment. But if, on the contrary, an individual has satisfactory evidence that he is walking in the light, let him hold on and keep at it, in spite of all that earth and hell can do. That is the indispensable condition of peace—the only method of maintaining a good conscience of finding and keeping a place in the family of God, of serving His generation to the full, and of escaping

The Perils of the Wrath to Come.

But going forwards in the way of God's Commandments, which is only another form of describing perseverance, is not always an easy task. It doubtless will be in Heaven. I don't know what sort of a body the Salvationist will have in the Celestial City, but it will doubtless be one that will never tire in the service of Jehovah or create difficulties in the way of rendering it whatever that service may be. Then public opinion will all be on the side of the Salvationists, and will applaud every self-denial and sacrifice that is done. Oh, the service of God will be one long uninterrupted delight in the skies!

Very different from all this is the serving of God down here. A man's inclinations, body, mind, and spirit will go with him if he lives in sin and treads the downward path, but his whole self his nature will set itself against him like a demon if he wants to

Do the Will of God and Lead a Life of Purity and Love.

If you are wanton in pleasure and glory in iniquity the world will fawn on you and count you a sensible fellow, but if you turn your back on it and follow the Crucified, it will curse and slander you without rhyme or reason. If you join hands with him in his soul-ruling business the devil will give you his patronage and support, if on the other hand you cast him off and defy his power, he will with greenest envy and bitterest hatred seek to discourage and undermine you from the service of the Lamb.

There can be no question that it is on the ground of the difficulties and harassments, which we call hearing the cross, that so many lose heart, give up and go back to the world. We read that the Children of Israel were discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way, the discouragement led to murmuring, the murmuring grieved the angered Jehovah, and brought upon them the fiery flying serpents by which thousands were slain. Just so to-day, many allow themselves to lose heart and give in. I know a young man to-day, of what they call a good family, who won't believe.

Soudly Converted, Joined the Army, Became an Officer.

and fought bravely for a time. But he had difficulties—he did not see the success he wanted, and he had opposition at home—although father and mother and all the family were religious, some of them very religious—yet they were too

proud to approve the Salvation Army and they chaffed and argued and tempted him night and day. At last he threw it up. The worry he said was more than he could bear. The fight was too fierce. He retreated. Tries to comfort his gnawing conscience by denouncing the Salvation he once gloried in.

Commiserate Teacher

was once travelling in a railway carriage between Brighton and London. It was his custom then—it may be now—to kneel down in the compartment and the train was in progress and have a little silent prayer. I cross-examined him once as to the custom, and he said the results were usually but in the occasional case of his fellow-travellers and seldom did anyone express a word of objection, the morning on rising from his knees the man next to him whispered in his ear just loud enough to be heard above the rattle of the train. "I used to believe in God, but when my child died I gave Him up." "Did you feel any better after giving Him up?" quietly responded the Commissioner. The man's eyes filled with tears. "No," he said, "I can't say that I did." It was doubtless a great and mysterious blow to the poor fellow, but he should have kept going on and

God Would Have Comforted Him.

Then if the Backslider, for that is what giving up comes to, gets away from one kind of opposition, he only encounters another. If he has not the devil and the world the temptations of the flesh to Heaven, he has God for an enemy on the way to Hell.

We say sometimes the way to Heaven is rough and thorny, but many a thousand, and especially those who have gone back from following God, find the way to Hell far rougher and more full of sorrow than the way to Heaven would have been, while having none of its blessed consolation, delightful prospects, and exciting enjoyments while treading it.

A young woman at Dundee said to one of our officers on my recent visit to that town—"An, sir, I was a happy Salvationist once. You know, I was once called me to be an officer but I refused; and I began going back from that very hour; for two years I clung to the corpse and then I went off into open rebellion, and have had twelve years of unutterable wretchedness ever since." Let my readers contrast the miseries that attend the desertion of this young woman with the happy useful life she might have had in an officer's life if she had only kept going on!

Not only smooth, the only rational, possible plan of pleasing God and keeping your head above the water, is going on. Keep going on! You cannot for a while, with your arms inward, outward, and upward, and you cannot go forward without success. So you must go on.

Are You Seeking Forgiveness?

Do you want God to blot out the black cloud of your past iniquities in the crimson Blood of His Beloved Son—enroll your name in His Book of life—take you into His family and shelter you under His protection? What a measureless blessing it is that you crave! but perhaps difficulties have interposed in the attainment of this precious rest. You failed to gain your coveted prize at the first effort? Did you come back from the continent torn or from your knees by your bedside without the hope and mercy you sought? Is there a lion in the way? Never mind!

Know the darkest part of night comes before the morning light. Press along—you're going right. Try again! You must go on!

Are You Seeking the Assurance of the Divine Favor?

Are you tormented with doubts and fears as to whether you are a child of God after all or even a son? And have you roused yourself up to seek deliverance from this land of uncertainty determined never to rest until you can feelingly say, "My beloved is mine, and I am His," but instead of making progress do you feel as though you were getting more befogged and timid than ever? I am sorry for you. I know what your disappointment and anguish must be. But there is deliverance for you—that is, there is the reality of your own

Salvation fast on ahead. You shall be able to say, "I am a child of God." You shall share the experience of Paul, who said, "The Spirit of God beareth witness with my spirit that I am a child of God." But what is the assurance that land of assurance by going on with the same? You must go on!

Are You a Worried Backslider?

Have you lost your first love and the peace and gladness which came with it? Have your experiences described by the apostle: "How tasteless and tedious the hours when Jesus no longer I see. Sweet prospects, sweet fields, and sweet flowers. Have lost all their sweets to me."

That sounds well. You are certainly on the right track; but you must persevere. Don't give up if you don't discover your faulted joy all in a moment.

The midsummer sun shines but dim. The fields strive in vain to look gay. But when I think of Him in December's as pleasant as May.

That is good, so far as it expresses realization of your loss. But what else doing your first works, or giving up idols and evils which drove your first love away? Have brought this darkness and desolation into your soul? Do you answer—

The dearest idol I have known. What'er that idol be, Now I fear it from Thy throne. And worship only Thee. Keep going on!

(To Be Continued.)

OUR WITNESS BOX.

"I am not compelled to serve God, as I am sure that God could give me as well without me if He wished. But out of love to Him for His goodness and mercy, I choose to serve Him."—Bertie, Major, Cullin, Montreal.

"I have so much to thank God for that this moment, through Jesus, I am a conqueror over sin, and He dwells in my heart, controls my life, and enables me to tell to others: Jesus can save. Jesus can deliver, yes, Jesus can keep."—A. Hayes, Ensign.

MADE A SHIPWRECK OF FAITH.

By ENIGN E. H. ALLEN, Harbor Grace, Nfld.

IN a beautiful home, surrounded by every comfort, and kind friends, I attend to every wish, a young girl lay dying. One had but to look at her to see that the dreadful disease, consumption, was fast hastening her to the grave. Her friends had sent for us to try and point her to the sinner's Friend, as she was unsaved. After talking with her for while, with great effort she told us the following story:

She had at one time found forgiveness for her sin at sea. A penitent form from that time she felt her place was in the Army. For two or three months she fought against the leadings of the Spirit, trying to satisfy her conscience by testifying, sitting in the audience. She was not willing to lay aside her worldly dress. At last she felt she must decide one way or the other, so she decided on the latter, and went in to enjoy (7) the pleasures of the world. She bought a ticket for the skating rink, and then she took a heavy cold, which brought her to where she was on a dying bed.

"Will you give yourself to Jesus now, and ask Him to save you?" we asked. "With such a look of regret, she answered, 'I have nothing to give Him but this poor, worn-out body.'"

She died a few days afterwards. Backslider, take warning!

Though we may possess everything, yet if we come to a death bed without Jesus, we have nothing.

Hall Cairns's "Christian."

Our contemporary, the Methodist Magazine, in a notice on the above work, remarks: "The book is unquestionably a powerful study, especially of the under-world, the 'Submerged Tenth' of London. WHILE IT POINTS OUT THE EVILS OF THE TIME, IT PRESENTS A FULLY ADEQUATE REMEDY." (The caps are ours—Ed.) "The wrongs which John Stow calls to such are being manfully grappled with by William Booth and Hugh Price Hughes."

ONLY A BLAME

ONLY a blame. When the... away. But it led its victims... of the most dead... into paths of death... Was as pure as the...

Only a glass of wine. It was a most... for it turned to a... And broke a bond... it darkened a young... and gave her back... through her insti... A curse and a cry...

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THE DEATH—THE C

What is... (Am. Pr.)

DEATH

THE report of a... the notes of... for strong... the followi... taking an even... of which, spirit... tered for consum... ending 1885, but... native wines, and... of the retail pr... shows the sum of... for liquor by the... than half of this... spirits to which... a large addition... fore they are ven... total amount paid... of the sum just... The money thus... said to represent... of wealth, as th... sumed, leaves th... way advanced... for clothing, foo... ties, the purcha... have value for h... and seller, respec... formerly held b... slightly increas... The liquor seller... formerly held b... the customer-ov... The community... the amount of... quon. We have... state that the co... annually by divi... poor to the amou... The country is... the waste of str... facture of this k... Canadian grain... used for liquo... been available fo... Part of it was... which the moner... country. All th... the liquor manu... a place in the c... Commissioner's e... the materials us...

END

The sums men... may be called... the liquor traf... community. Th... other liquor f... are not so ea... Minority Repor... them fully and... ful estimate wh... as follows:

Cost of Jalls... etc.—By a val... shown that the... by the Dominio... minister of... maintaining o... asylums, refect... and like insti... total of \$600,000... half of this exp... able to the liq...



## ONLY A GLASS OF WINE.

ONLY a glass of wine,  
When the tempter's power held sway,  
It led its victim down the path  
Of sin's most deadly way.  
It turned the cheek of one young life  
To paths of despair and woe,  
And blackened one poor heart that once  
Was as pure as the whitest snow.

Only a glass of wine, alas!  
It was a most fatal start,  
For it turned to a demon a fair young  
Soul on the liquor traffic's cart.  
And broke a fond mother's heart;  
It darkened a young wife's happiness,  
And gave her but pain and woe;  
It brought her instant loving career,  
A curse and a cruel blow.

Only a glass of glowing wine?  
'Tis a little thing, but then,  
It brought bright and sunny home  
Into a drunkard's den.  
It blasted forever a precious life,  
And sounded a funeral knell;  
It placed the wreck in a drunkard's  
Grave and led to a drunkard's hell.

THE DEATH-HAND OF  
THE GOVERNMENT,

## What It Costs.

(See Front Page.)

## DIRECT COST.

THE report of the Royal Commission on the liquor traffic estimates the annual expenditure for strong drink in Canada in the following paragraphs:  
"Taking an average of the quantities of wine, spirits and malt liquors entered for consumption in the five years ending 1933, but excluding older and native wines, and taking an average of the retail prices, the calculation shows the sum of \$38,879,854, to be paid for liquor by the consumer. As more than half of this amount is paid for spirits to which, it is well understood, a large addition of water is made before they are vended to the public, the total amount paid is probably in excess of the sum just mentioned.

The money thus paid may be fairly said to represent so much dissipation of wealth, as the liquor, when consumed, leaves the community in no way advanced. When money is paid for clothing, food, or other necessities, the purchaser is supposed to have value for his outlay. Both buyer and seller, respectively, possess wealth formerly held by the other, usually slightly increased by the exchange. After talking with the liquor seller, however, the wealth formerly held by the customer, but the customer-consumer has nothing. The community is poorer at least in the amount of money spent for the liquor. We have a right, therefore, to state that the country is impoverished annually by direct expenditure on liquor to the amount of \$38,879,854. The country is also impoverished by the waste of grain used in the manufacture of this liquor. Part of it was Canadian grain which, had it not been used for liquor-making, would have been available for export or other use. Part of it was imported grain for which the money had to go out of the country. All the grain destroyed in the liquor manufacture has a right to a place in the calculation of loss. The Commission's estimate of the value of the materials used is \$1,188,705.

## INDIRECT COST.

The sums mentioned represent what may be called the direct loss which the liquor traffic imposes upon the community. The traffic also causes other and far greater losses which are not so easily ascertained. The Minority Report, however, deals with them fully and thoroughly, making a careful estimate which may be summarized as follows:

Cost of Jails, Asylums, Almshouses, etc.—By a very careful calculation it is shown that the total amount expended by the Dominion of Canada in the administration of justice and for the maintaining of penitentiaries, jails, asylums, reformatories, almshouses, and like institutions, amounts to a total of \$4,092,138, assuming that one-half of this expenditure is fairly chargeable to the liquor habit and the liquor

traffic, we set at the cost to the country, thus caused, the sum of, \$3,014,937.

Loss of Labor.—The country loses a great deal because of the prevention of the production of wealth on account of persons being in jails, hospitals, asylums, or in any way idle through intemperance. The working of a game of men in a factory or any set of persons who work together, is interfered with by the absence of one or more in the same way. Much of our most highly organized manufacturing industry is thus seriously hampered. Not only do those who drink lose time and possible earnings; their fellow employees are also losers. The industry which employs them suffers loss. An English parliamentary report estimates that the loss of the productive labor of the country as lost in this way is only eight per cent. It amounts to \$7,748,000.

Shortened Lives.—Careful calculations show that 3,000 lives are annually cut short in Canada by intemperance, each such death robbing the country of at least an average of ten years of productive power. It is estimated in this way to sustain an annual loss of \$14,304,000.

Misdirected Work.—A similar calculation shows that the country loses by having about 12,000 men engaged in making and selling liquor, not actually adding anything to the wealth of the country, but creating conditions which increase public burdens. If rightly employed these men would add to the country an amount of wealth which we now have to do without, estimated at \$7,748,000.

## A SUMMING UP.

In this connection the fact must be noted that a proportion of the national, provincial and municipal revenues is derived from the liquor traffic. This total amount thus contributed is calculated by the Commission at \$3,479,312, the details of which are given in the table below.  
This is the amount which the liquor traffic pays for the privileges granted to it. It is right that this amount should be set over against the items of loss, and the various expenditures caused by the traffic, hereinafter considered. This may be done as follows:

## Cost of the Liquor Traffic.

Amount paid for liquor by consumers .....	\$38,879,854
Value of grain, etc., destroyed .....	1,888,705
Cost of production of pauperism, disease, insanity and crime chargeable to the liquor traffic .....	3,014,937
Loss of productive labor .....	7,748,000
Loss through mortality caused by drink .....	14,304,000
Misdirected labor .....	7,748,000
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$143,122,716</b>

Revenue from the Liquor Traffic.

Dominion Government .....	\$7,101,557
Provincial Governments .....	524,255
Municipalities .....	429,107
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$7,654,922</b>

Net loss .....

This startling calculation does not include, as a charge against the liquor traffic, the great amount of money spent in watching it and collecting the revenue from it. Rev. Dr. McLeod, in reference to it says further:  
In the foregoing table the items charged to the liquor traffic are moderate estimates, and many things, which might properly be included, are omitted because of the difficulty of putting them into dollars and cents. Your Commission has no doubt that were fifty per cent. added to the above balance against the liquor traffic, it would not then be excessive.

## AN ANNUAL CHARGE.

It must also be kept in mind that the enormous balance chargeable to the liquor traffic represents only one year's waste. For many years ago burdens, in proportion to the population, have been imposed upon the country. These facts make it easy to appreciate the truth and force of the statement made in 1884 by Hon. Mr. Foster. Under a in 1884 by Hon. Mr. Foster. Under a in 1884 by Hon. Mr. Foster. Under a

One can scarcely grasp the awful significance of the above figures. The large quantities of grain that have been wasted than wasted, would have fed millions of people. The cost of liquor for one year exceeds the whole revenue of the Dominion of Canada. The cost per head has been fully twice as much as the total cost per head of all our

customs dues since Confederation. The total amount spent in the fifteen years above tabulated, aggregated, without counting interest, nearly \$500,000,000. This would have defrayed all our cost of government, built our railways and left us without a shadow of a national debt. To all this we must add the incalculable cost of citizens slain, labor destroyed, pauperism borne and crime watched, restrained and punished. The wonder is, that with such terrible waste, our country enjoys any prosperity. If this waste could be made to cease, Canada in ten years would not know herself, so prosperous and wealthy would she have grown. Surely it is the part of all citizens to see to it that such a frightful source of waste and destruction is dried up. Prohibition is the only effectual cure.

ROUND A CHRISTMAS  
TREE.

Officers' Children at Lippincott with the Commissioner.



Of course," said one officer, "it is an going to-night. How could I keep from seeing the children enjoying themselves."

This was probably the reason that took so many big people to see the little people play. If so they had their wish, for small heads were brimful of fun and frolic. The grown-up crowd who first watched them, then laughed and joined in with them and finally fell to playing themselves in right good earnest—had a big share in the pleasure of "Children's Night."

It was after the long tables spread with just the kind of pretty cakes and candies which small tastes love, had been cleared away that merry-making began. All kinds of games kept little feet pattering up and down the Lippincott floor which made the most charming of spacious play-grounds. While little tongues with excited shouts kept the hall

## Ringed with Merry Laughter.

The Staff Band played some of its merriest tunes, while Ensign Berry and Cadet Easton in turn brought cheerful harmony out of the piano.

Of course the Field Commissioner was present—when children praying or children playing are in the question she is only absent of necessity, and she gave up the whole evening from her



papers to superintend the little ones' treat. The Commissioner was full of interest in the children's games, now suggesting some addition to the fun, and now cheering combatants on, yet

Keeping Her Watchful Eye Lost the Smaller Ones Should be Pushed in the prettiest tug-of-war in which the little people tugged, and alternately lost and won among the delighted shouts of their grown-up onlookers. But the fun increased mightily when

the huge Christmas Tree was lighted up, and its presents distributed by a veritable Santa Claus.

Tired but happy the little ones gathered at last from games and fun and kneeling in a big group on the floor strewn with nutshells, sang a parting evening hymn, and then Staff-Captain Minnie thanked God for their happy evening and prayed in language which even the toddlers could understand that those who had enjoyed the fun might never be naughty any more.

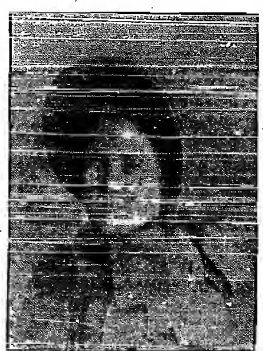


## ENSIGN BARR'S WEDDING.

The G. R. M. Agent of the Pacific Division.

(Special.)

The wedding of Ensign Barr, the G. R. M. Agent of the Pacific Province, to Capt. Moffatt, of Kallispell, in the Music Hall, Spokane, on Dec. 13th, was an event of unusual importance, as it was the first officers' wedding in the city. The miserably wet night did not prevent the attendance of a large crowd of happy and interested people who thoroughly enjoyed themselves right through the whole service. Brigadier Howell, assisted by Staff-Capt. Watson, conducted the ceremony.



## MRS. ENSIGN BARR.

The bridal party were greeted with an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival. The Brigadier humorously explained a few things respecting the Ensign's courtship, throwing a little light on the inner workings of Salvation Army engagements. The bride was supported by Cadet Haas, her late assistant, while the groom had the able support of no less a person than Adjt. Hay, who, of course, had arranged to be home on this auspicious occasion.



## ENSIGN BARR.

The newly-married couple expressed their determination to seek first the Kingdom and the salvation of souls. Adjt. Edgcomb, the writer, and others of the married fraternity, spoke briefly.

A surprise was sprung upon the meeting and on the officers concerned, when Brigadier Howell promoted Cadet

at on ahead. You shall  
in matters of all these  
experience of Paul. I  
of God bareth witness  
I am a child of God  
only reach that land of  
going on with the same  
o on.

It is a great blessing  
of your first love and the  
at which, when with H.  
described by the day  
and tedious hours  
I no longer I see  
of its sweet joys, and even  
all their sweets to me.

It is well. You are certainly  
track; but you must per  
give up if you don't  
erected joy all in a moment  
inner sun shines but dim  
I am happy in Him  
as pleasant as May.

I no far as it concerns  
your loss. But what shall  
et works, or giving up  
which drove your feet  
tought this darkness and  
o your soul? Do you as

It is I do I have known,  
that I do I  
tear it from Thy throne.  
ship only Thee.

he Continued.)

## WITNESS BOX.

empeled to serve God, and  
t. God could get on very  
if He wished. But out  
of His goodness and  
tied to serve Him."—Serg.  
Montreal L.

uch to thank God for that  
through Jesus. I am a  
sin, and He dwells in  
rols my life, and enables  
others. Jesus can save  
er, yes, Jesus can keep  
eternal.

(Shortell.)

## PWECK OF FAITH.

T. H. ALLEN, Harbor  
ruler, Nfld.

ul home, surrounded by  
ort, and kind friends to  
very wish, a young girl  
had but to look at her  
dreadful disease, con  
stantly haunting her to  
has had sent for us to try  
the signer's Friend, and  
After talking with her  
h great effort she told  
story.

"Time found forgiveness  
in B. A. penitentiary form  
he felt her place was in  
two or three months  
of the readings of the  
satisfy her conscience  
tling in the audience  
ing to lay aside her  
t lest she felt she must  
or the other, so she  
lour, and went in to  
asures of the world.  
cket for the skating  
ue took a heavy cold,  
to where she was  
journal to Jesus say,  
ave you?" we asked.  
ok of regret, she an  
nothing to give Him  
n-out body.

days afterwards I  
warning!  
I possess everything,  
a death bed without  
thing.

"Christian."

"The Methodist Mag-  
the above work, re-  
is unquestionably a  
ecularity of the under-  
rent 'Tenth of London'  
'S OUT THE EVILS  
SETS FORTH NO  
SDY." (The caps are  
wrong which John  
a are being manfully  
William Booth and  
s.")





# THE WAR CRY

## OFFICERS AT HOME

### THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

**X**MAS is a home season. Every-where relations gather from far and near, and peace and good will by family reunion. The Salvation Army is essentially a family, and part of the joy of serving the spiritual needs of the soul, and the physical wants of the poor and destitute, the spirit of brotherhood contrives to find an enjoy-able part of the Yuletide in one meet- ing or less social. Last night pre- sided by the Field Commissioner at his apartment the other evening was dis- cussed the former. The happy inter- views existing between the individuals in that other throng, irrespective of age, was manifestly brotherly, with the warm affection and respect which clustered round the slender cen- tral figure made for the moment the Field Commissioner almost synony- mous with that of mother. Hence the joy of family gathering as applied to the officers' annual Christmas dinner was not to "be held here."

Under the able culinary superintend- ence of Mrs. Major Gladwin, the snow- covered tables had been laid with taste- ful and tasty fare, made faintly by the sound of waving palm and empty wine glasses by the officer-guests.

**Table of Ten Officers and Chapter of Com- mander's Table**

Seated through the pleasant hall. Then followed a meeting which proved to be a delightful mixture of cheerful enjoyment and deep spiritual profit. The Field Commissioner handed the evening song into the veteran hands of Adjt. Manton, who forthwith struck up the inspiring strains of "Let us adore thee, O God, our Father," which went with a will.

Brigadier Margetta told an inspiring story of a little lass who carried up to bed on Christmas Day her beautiful Christmas tree, which she had bought for her mother.

**Laughing Payment of Five Cents for a Good Year**

was turned to the C. B. M. man. "We're the people that can laugh," he sang in a new song, but either Brigadier Manton sang it in a new way or his audience did, for the "ha ha ha" sounded more defiant than ever.

A slight stir amongst the group in the far corner. It is hinted that it is dangerous for a heart to sit so near a "speacock." Capt. Hart changed his seat for a standing one and said, "I love him best of all."

I feel I could weep like a child when I remember all I have done for me. I hope some of you will live to bury me." This the general and final of Adjt. Manton's testimony.

Serjt. Major Seeds, of the Trade Department, graciously thanked the Com- missioner for the invitation to the "officers' dinner," and said he had

**"Enjoyed Himself Magnificently"**

(Comrade Seeds is somewhere between six and seven feet.)

"Conquests have made me, and con- quests must sustain me," was the Napoleonic illustration of Staff-Capt. Minnie's trenchant talk. Major Gas- kin also went to military manoeuvre and a telling tale—and found one.

Patton stepped into hearts as a mes- sage was sent to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs.

**Our Still Invincible Chief Secretary,**

and then Mrs. Eric. Read thanked her comrades for the prayers which she felt had withdrawn her little girl from the brink of death.

"How much of Heaven we could get on earth if we only knew how," were amongst the Commissioner's first words. This echoed like some high flight through the minds of the throng and the Commissioner's after burning sentences fell upon fruitful ground.

Her words could scarcely be called an address, they fell hot and liquid from her lips as they welled up from her heart. Anticipations for the most tri- umphant year, in soul and war yet experienced, determinations for re- newed fidelity and more desperation in the warfare sprang up in answer to her words in those sacred closing moments.

## WANTED.

An Officer—woman—who has retired from the front rank, or reliable soldier, for position with some responsibility and night duties. Good home for suitable person. Write at once to Mrs. Brigadier Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

## Territorial Themes.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

**I**T seems too good to be true, yet so it is, in three days from the date of this issue, all being well, our glorious General will be with us, commencing his Eastern Campaign at St. John, N. B.

Major Pugmire is sanguine of a won- derful time of salvation and blessing at both St. John and Halifax, and is adding to his expectant faith the work of necessary preparation.

All the Eastern Staff and Field Of- ficers will be in St. John to greet the General and in the Councils convened for the purpose to listen to and receive from their God-sent, God-inspired leader-veteran such counsel, informa- tion and instruction as can only be given by the General himself.

Right glad we all are that the Field Commissioner has, with that degree of fervency, fluency and blood-and-fire-ism, so characteristic of her pen, not only written on behalf of her officers and soldiery, and on her own account, a hearty, good welcome to the General in this Cry, but has added a touching, enthusiastic and fettering message to be read in the General's great farewell meeting in the Albert Hall, London, Eng.

One thing is sure—certain—that the General will get a white-hot welcome, such as only North American Salva- tionists can give, at every place he visits in the Territory, and as soon as ever the "troops" get the opportunity.

We quite expect that the tour will grow in interest, influence, and results as the General draws nearer and nearer to his completion, until upon his return in Toronto we shall antici- pate the grandest of all Salvation Army demonstrations in the city to date—that is the ambition and purpose of the commanders of the C. O. P. concerning it.

All the officers of every rank in Ontario, supplemented by all the P.O.s and Chancellors of the Territory, with as many additional Staff and Field Officers from other Provinces, as can raise their fares, will come in for the Toronto Campaign, which commences Thursday, Feb. 8th, and concludes on Thursday, Feb. 15th, and for which Special Cheap Railway Rates are being arranged.

Permit us once more to urge every Staff and Field Officer, every soldier and recruit, and every Christian friend to fervently and frequently pray that God, the Holy Ghost, may in excep- tional unity and power baptize and inspire the General, and make him the greatest blessing to us all who shall hear or come in contact with him.

**Christmas and New Year's greetings** in Army circles were no less practical than they were profuse. Every officer received a "lovely" letter from the Field Commissioner accompanied by a tangible token of her affectionate thought of, and regard for, them.

The Field Commissioner, in return, received many assurances from her Staff and leading officers of the tender and high esteem in which she is held by them, of the loving, loyal, and whole-hearted service they are pre- pared to render, and of the joy it al- ways affords to carry out whatever may be her commands.

Thank God for the family spirit which emboldens proclamation from centre to circumference of the Terri- tory.

If, too, the victories of '98 can be gauged beforehand by the purposes expressed, the determined zeal mani- fested, and the advances anticipated as the old year was wound up and the new started, we shall certainly have a year of triumph.

The Commissioner has given the Ter- ritory as its inspiring motto through '98, "Love wins." Love—true Calvary love—always has won. It cannot be

conquered because of its own all-con- quering force and power. Whenever and wherever it has been allowed its free course it has gained the ascend- ency even though tested and opposed by all kinds of trial and attacked in all manner of forms. Love will win- let us love.

On a strikingly neat, original and tastefully-printed card, colored in red and blue ink, with the picture of the Major and Mrs. Southall and their three charming girl-children, the Major gives as the motto for the troops of the W. O. P. "The old cars—but a stronger pull." Good that.

Brigadier Sharp, in a saintly folder, on which is fastened a small bunch of pansies, sends us the motto for his com- mand the appropriate "Take heed," contained in Acts xx, 23.

Brigadier Bennett, on another also little card, conveys to the North-West- erners as their Provincial motto, "Faith, Faith, and Determination," while on yet another card of deep pink color, Major Pugmire suggests to the "wise men (and women) of the East" "First, the Kingdom," and Major McMillan, on one more card printed and decorated in green, says to Newfoundland, "On- ward and upward."

Let every soldier-heart extract for its own strength, vigor and inspiration the impetus which these mottos themselves, and the combined love and prayers of those who framed them, is calculated to bring, and in the might of Calvary's love and penitential power, surmount the world with God-glorying achievement of bringing the lost and low, and the sad and sorrowing in greater numbers than ever to His side, whose blood washes whiter than snow.

Staff-Capt. Horn has received his Commissioner's and General's appreci- ative recognition of the long-hour, faithful and energetic toll which he has put into the Trade Department, and have promoted him. Congratulations, Major Horn.

"A stitch in time saves nine," is the motto to be applied by the Property Department in the appointment of Capt. E. Locke, who will travel through Ontario inspecting, reporting upon, and where necessary repairing Army prop- erties. Be sure you treat him well and do all in your power to facilitate matters when Capt. Locke comes your way.

So far, the Provincial news which reached us as to S.D. is of a most victorious nature. Brigadier Bennett writes to have gone \$80 over his tar- get. Major Southall says he met his by \$25. Brigadier Howell asserts his is left in the shade by \$200 to the good.

Brigadier Sharp, despite severe odds, has hit the bull's-eye. About the C. O. P., however, I cannot at the moment speak. By Major McMillan is con- sidered Newfoundland will not be left behind. So far, so good—nay, excel- lent. It is now for the East to keep up its past reputation and we are O. K.

Capt. T. H. Adams, late of Lisgar St., has been promoted by the Com- mander to the rank of Adjutant, with which move his old comrades will be well pleased.

The Woodstock, N. B., corps recently had a banquet which was attended by Mayor Hay and his lady.

The Methodist Young People's paper, Ontario, thus speaks of our contem- porary, the Montreal Witness: "It (this country) possesses, we think, the unique distinction of having a leading journal in its largest city which for over fifty years has been a moral crusader, a champion of reform. In all that time it has not published one liquor, or tobacco, or theatrical ad- vertisement. At the sacrifice of much money it has stood true to its high principle, and stands foursquare, a tower of strength, against all the winds that blow."

## A Provincial Agent's New Year's Message.

To the C. O. P. Local Agents of Central Ontario.

It is with pleasure I launch out on 1908. The prospects are very bright in- deed for the year we are entering on. We have about 50 Local Agents and about 350 box-holders, about 300 more box-holders than we had at the com- mencement of 1907. To God we owe all the glory. What we want is people who will trust God, go forward and work hard.

DON'T put your box away in the cupboard. DON'T put it behind the clock. DON'T put it in the garret, and DON'T put it in the cellar. BUT put it on the dining room table especially at meal hours.

I am, with God and your help, going to aim at getting 600 new box-holders and twenty new Local Agents. Now won't you come to my help? You who are Agents get new box-holders, and you who are not Agents and should be, apply at once. Keep humble in your soul. Love and serve God with all your might.

One word I leave with you all, and that is "Sympathy" for the poor, "sympathy" for the fallen, and "sympathy" for your work.

May prosperously follow your efforts during this coming year. Yours to help the helpless. WM. CUMMINGS, P.A.

## MIXTURES

There has been an outbreak of fever at the George St. Children's Shelter, Toronto.

On the evening of the 4th of January, Mrs. Margetta presented the Territorial Secretary with a fine son. Congratulations.

New York and San Francisco got out good Christmas War Cry. San Francisco being especially bright and catchy, as usual.

Ensign and Mrs. Barr, the newly-married couple of the Pacific, were wel- comed at New Whatcom, Wash., on the 15th December.

Ensign Crockett, of Spring Hill Mines, sends the following: "At Spring Hill Mines, N. S., on the 20th Decem- ber, the wife of Ensign A. Crockett, of a son."

A boomer recently had her War Cry money stolen from her. Another boom- er returns from her War Cry selling with a surplus—the exact amount that was stolen.

Tasty Christmas and New Year's cards, containing messages of fraternal messages were sent out by most, or all, of the P. O.s to their officers, this Christmas time.

**ERRATUM.**—Re "Tenderfoot on a Broncho." The Indian stood gently by," should have read, "The Indian stood gently by," and "East tramp journey" should read, "Last tramp journey."

Capt. Arthur Rowe has been doing big things for the poor of Syracuse this Christmas time. The newspaper there gave him 1½ columns space, and announced his feed for 300 in good style.

The Woodstock, N. B., corps, with their brass band, visited the African Methodist Church (colored) on a Sun- day night recently, and had a splendid time of testimony and praising God in singing and shouting.

Bridegroom Joseph Barr thus testifies only a little while after he entered the holy state of matrimony: "I feel exceedingly satisfied with the step I have just taken," and to emphasize this he puts in capital letters, "TA- THER."

Major Southall's card of Christmas greeting to his officers was exception- ally good. His motto was, "The old cars—but a new pull." The old cars referred to, being Faith and Works, which were sketched in close proximity to the motto.

A boomer of the Riverside corps nights from his coal cart about 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and then seizes his bundle of War Cry and goes booming, oftentimes finding his customers in bed. Bed or no bed, the War Cry must be sold. God bless that boomer.

## GAZETTE.

**MAJOR.**  
Capt. Wm. A. Allison, of Nepeawa,  
Minto, to Capt. R. A. Parkinson,  
Nepeawa, on December 2nd, 1917, at  
Nepeawa.

**AVANGUING C. BOOTH.**  
Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

### MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH'S ILL- NESS.

**I**LL and intelligence conveyed through the press of the illness of Mrs. Ballington Booth has found sympathetic readers in Salvationists everywhere. Not only have our hearts ached for her and those near to her in this time of anxiety and suffering, but thousands of prayers have been lifted from our ranks to the Throne of Grace for her speedy restoration.

Our American leaders, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, have from their first acquaintance with her sickness, done all in their power to express their sympathy and concern—constantly communicating with the hospital direct for the latest bulletins, and by letters full of brotherly and sisterly sorrow to Commander Ballington Booth.

Our own Commissioner, on hearing of Mrs. Ballington Booth's illness, immediately telegraphed expressing his sympathy, prayers and love. Nor have the expressions of concern been limited to this continent. The General has twice cabled from London with assurances of his deep sympathy and continuing prayer while he asked that he should be kept well informed as to the sufferer's condition.

It is a matter for regret that this sickness should have been the occasion for some accountable charges and reflections to be made in the newspapers with respect to the Army. With these, however, we do not deal; this is not the moment for controversy, the heart of the Salvation Army, in its leadership to its rank and file, is too tender to vindicate its position over a suffering couch. We will go on the same straight path with our spirits full of only prayer and love and our undivided ambition centred upon the Man of Sorrows, Who trod a path of misrepresentation that He might work His Father's will and open the Kingdom of Heaven.

### WE WANT TO SAVE THE SALOON-KEEPERS.

**A** SALOON KEEPER at Moscow has generously admitted our officers there to his saloon for the purpose of conducting a meeting. Not only so but he prohibited the sale of the drink while the meeting was going on. This was the first time that saloon keepers have given expression to the respect for the Army and its work, and we cannot but express our thanks for their kindness. This respect has not been won by lowering our standard, but by commending ourselves to the CONSCIENCE of the saloon keeper, which is always on the side of right. We advise our officers to avail themselves in a wise way of any similar privileges wherever possible, and let us hope that in many instances the saloon keepers may find salvation has come not only to their houses, but to their hearts also. No more valuable victory could be won than securing the salvation of the saloon keepers of this Territory, and their enrolment under the Blood-and-Fire Flag of the Salvation Army. WE ARE THE PEOPLE FOR THE SALOON KEEPER.

### LONDON'S APPALLING FATALITY.

**I**LL and news reaches us, just as we go to press, of the appalling catastrophic at London, Ont., caused by a pest of the City Hall floor giving way with an oleon crowd, and resulting in a death roll of twenty-eight persons, and a list of wounded ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. The whole city is in mourning. London has long been most friendly in its attitude to the Army, and it is therefore with greater sympathy for the sufferer and the bereaved we send out this message, and mingle our prayers with others for

God's all-sufficient grace to be granted in the bereaved and sorrowing who mourn over their dead, or watch beside the sick couch of their wounded. Miss Booth, personally, as well as on behalf of her officers and soldiers, especially desires every citizen of London to be assured of the profoundest sympathy of herself and her people in this terrible loss.

### THE EASTERN PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

**MAJOR PUGMIRE'S** health has not been very good lately. Like a wise man he is putting in the slack in time that saves time, and calculates on being in good trim for the General's meetings and the coming Self-Denial in the East.

### "HOT SCOTCH."

**B**y the kindness of the Editor in Chief—Brigadier Cox, of New York—we are able to publish the first chapters of the new serial, "Hot Scotch," simultaneously with himself. We invite all our soldiers to read the opening chapters, and we prophesy a bright, spicy and withal edifying story worthy of our frater of the great Republic, who must have from the amount of literature he is responsible for—an enormous experience in popular newspaper work.

### SALVATION AT HILLSBORO, NORTH DAKOTA.

Tobacco, Cigarettes and Opium Swept  
Away.

(Special.)

The B. A. is on the move. The last catch was five souls in one week. Tobacco, cigarettes, and opium in some of these cases have been swept away by the Blood of the Lamb. Most of the converts take to the Army like young ducks to water. At the present the hall is too small. A beautiful wave of salvation is sweeping over the town. Many are in the valley of decision, and we believe the New Year will be a starting point for some more, as they are now in pickle.—Hewitt, for Davidson & Co.

### INGERSOLL'S JUBILEE COMMITTEE.

(Special.)

**T**HE Jubilee Committee, Ingersoll, consisting of Messrs: S. King, W. Mills, T. H. Noxon and M. J. McDermott, decided to hand over a cheque for \$20 to each congregation in town, including the Salvation Army, to bring Christmas cheer among the poor in their congregations. Captain Cutaway received hers on the morning preceding the J.S. "Christmas night," and never, we think, did a cheque come more opportunely than time, or spent to better advantage. A list of names and suitable needfuls were made out, and so thoughtfully and carefully was the cash expended that between twenty-five and thirty persons received a useful though unexpected present from this fund. While part was expended for warm clothing, hosiery, etc., others received theirs in cash, it was noticeable that the list received no other gift from the load, and helpers and all over they were saying, "Why, this is just what I needed." A small sum was given to me and spent in a treat for the number of orphan children who frequent the barracks, and are not yet Juniors. Captain also sent tickets to those of her list and secured their attendance, to receive their pleasant surprise. We deeply appreciate this confidence and consideration shown us by the Jubilee Committee, and pray God's choicest blessing upon Ingersoll's officials who are so considerate for their less who are townfolk.—Minnie Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

### ARE YOU A CITY DRIVER?

**WANTED**—A man who can groom a horse, take care of a coupe, and who is a thoroughly competent city driver. Applicant must be unmarried and a Soldier of the Salvation Army. Apply to **ENSIGN FLETCHER**, Lifeboat, Toronto.

### OLD RICHMOND STREET

Still in the Soul-Saving Business.

(Special.)

Adj. Stanyon conducted the meeting at Richmond St. on Sunday night. The corps had had a wonderful prayer meeting earlier in the day, and the Adjutant's visit proved a blessed visit up. Two souls sought God's pardon after a very good meeting.

### THE SECTIONAL COMMANDER

Has a Rousing Time at Uxbridge.

(Special.)

Staff-Capt. Minnie, assisted by Ensign Kenning (War Cry staff), spent a rousing week-end at Uxbridge. Zero outside, all on fire inside. Good crowd. Interest great. Soldiers encouraged. Two souls at night, and finances more than ten times previous week's income. Give to Jesus glory. H.K.

### STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGRAVE

Have Glorious Week-end at Temple.

Big Banquet—Big Blessings—Big Finances.

(Special.)

**S**TAFF-CAPT. and Mrs. Hargrave, the new Sectional Commanders of the Southern half of the old Central Ontario Province, had a day of glorious salvation at the Temple on Sunday, preceded by a banquet and an enthusiastic meeting on Saturday night. The penitent form was in use at every meeting except the kneel-drib, the total number forward being six. Offerings for the day \$18—including Saturday night's, \$22—including again the profit on the banquet, nearly \$50, which amount covers the gas bill owing.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave reports the corps in splendid spirits, and everything ripe for a magnificent winter campaign.

### THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE STANDARD RAISED

AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

Commanding Officers Banks and Midall  
Pioneer the Advance Officers  
Welcome the Army.

(Special.)

**O**PENED FIRE here December 14th and 15th. Ensign Straizer and Sister Labadie, from St. Albans, assisted. Rain and hail but good crowds in the open-air and hall. Many friends rallying to our assistance in giving towards furnishing officers' quarters and providing temporal needs, also helping in our meetings. Large crowds at open-air. Meetings getting more interesting. Conviction deepening. People getting to understand us better. Many wanted to know how long we were going to remain. Why we have come to stay. Police friendly. Had meeting Sunday afternoon down at the "Bowery." Only two to take our stand nightly, nevertheless we are succeeding. Yours in the war—Capt. H. C. Banks, Lieut. W. Liddle.

### Notice to Field Officers.

Field Officers who have not sent in their Local Officers Commissions for the year 1917 to their Provincial Officer, are requested to do so at once.

### Notice to War Cry Correspondents.

War Cry correspondents are particularly requested to forward the Editor any newspapers containing notes on the Salvation Army.

### BILLETS.

All officers requiring billets in connection with the General's campaign in Toronto, please send their application to Staff-Capt. Hargrave, 52 Harbord St., Toronto. Officers arranging their own billets will oblige by sending name and address of same as above. Billets cannot be guaranteed after Monday, Jan. 21st.

## The Corps Coming.

By the Commissioner.



**ALREADY**—the notes of our wide-spreading Territory are full of that thundering welcome to the arrival of our beloved and honored General.

He comes—the Hope of the Defrauded and Destitute—the bringer of salvation to all men; and the inspiration to the zealous of every follower of the Flag, the anticipation of all for the most daring and the most ardent campaigning for God and righteousness, the privilege to witness or have a hand in. With love and confidence shall we greet our God-sent General.

### The Most Glorious Battles

fought on the borders of God and man. How closely we shall be in the conflicts of the campaign—backing every step with faith and prayer, and pushing every plan and every detail of his tour a sweeping success. For the most amongst us on his one and undying errand—the blessing and sanctifying of the saint. From now on we shall be the

### Reverberations of the Halls of Success

and Heavenly-inspired. The abundant repetition when he shall come in our midst, the persistent besieging of the Throne of Grace—all in faith and the devotion of our more desperate efforts shall be one wish his own unsparing railing to the

And God is not far from us. The eye of our faith is fixed upon buildings thronged with penitents—upon lined penitents—upon an entire officer ranks and a public stirred to the very heart and sympathy as the result of our General's visit. Let our prayers be big enough—that our faith asks for even

### Nightly Spiritual Warfare Extensions

and the answer will be the measure of all-conquering grace and help.

As in imagination I see of warrior welcomers and catch the first glimpse of him not only my General but my father, my heart is so full and my anticipations are deep and high. I look forward with joy I receive our Commander in Chief, who he gave to me now over a year ago, and present to me of whose sacrifice and toil I am so proud and whose hands during that time and enabled us together to realize achievements which have, I know, filled the hearts of the world. The strength of a day's work to the unswerving confidence of a loyal subject, my voice and sharpness to my sword as together we sing of love and array ourselves to wage

### A Few Privileged Moments in General's Immediate

By the time this message has a few days will divide us from the date of the General's visit to us—the commencement of a tour which for its influences will I believe set in shade our most brilliant past, enlarge the Kingdom of God, save hundreds of souls, and cheer the General's own invincible

*Avangue Booth*

Field Commissioner.



# THE POOR MAN'S FEAST.

The Field Commissioner at the Shelter Christmas.



IF, as we are constantly discovering, our highest happiness is to minister to the happiness of others, then the evening spent at the Men's Shelter was the most truly pleasurable of all the Christmas festivities.

## The Luxury of Handing Out Piled-up Plates and Brimming Cups.

Hot roast turkey and goose, steaming plum pudding, and an unlimited supply of tea and coffee at torrid heat, are not ill-favored fare at any time, but seem to increase in agreeable value when they give someone

to a crowd of famishing men, seeing a well-fed glow return to the cold, pinched cheeks. Anyway, so thought a privileged group of Headquarters' officers who for the time transformed themselves into the poor man's waiters. How all-round is Salvationism—a rapid welder of the type looked quiver in his element mounted on a chair peering with a superintendent's anxiety into the requirements of the giant viols, while sister representatives of the shorthand craft performed heroic feats in carrying heavy plate-cups and collecting dirty dishes. Our correspondent found ample athletic exercise in a succession of races between the afore-said runs and the thirteenth of (for that night at all events) ardent cord-drinkers.

Harmonious strains from sweet stringed instruments and clear toned brass frequently give the musician as much pleasure as the bearer in their production, but when the playing means the bringing of melody and Salvation song into lives darkened and obscured with want and sin, the pleasure is increased ten fold. Something of this unselfish joy was felt by the members of the Staff and String Bands and the played many shadows off the faces of the and, while

Time-worn shoes Tapped Time Approvingly

upon the Shelter floor. So much for those who served. The guests, 120 in number, were royally regaled in the Shelter dining-room. If the credit of English Fletcher's catering could ever be brought into question it would be found established forever in the hungry mouths satisfied by the good things which he provided for his men that night. They were a motley throng—haggard, age, dissipated youth, shabby gentility, undesirable specimens of the tramp fraternity—all these and many more gathered round the white-robed tables, united in

## The Common Brotherhood of Hunger.

Outside the wind was howling with searching bite and the streets were disagreeably slushy with the link of a returning thaw, but inside warmth and plenty gave its fortunate sharers the courage of defiance of the weather, and made the contrast rather pleasant than otherwise.

The after-meeting of a feast is not, as a rule, distinctive for spirituality, but there was singular direction of (for all through on this particular occasion, the Field Commissioner, whose much appreciated presence was given at the price of some work gauntlet-running, and considerable disregard of physical fatigue, soon made it clear that her errand was distinctly one of salvation, and inspired her armor-bearers to go

straight for souls. A few minutes and the Commissioner was

On Excellent Terms with Her Audiences telling them even "If they couldn't sing, to sing all the same," and getting a vocal response from those strong voices which made the clean-scrubbed airy building resound with tuneful song. Turkey must be a good voice restorative.

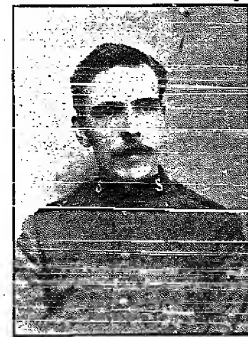
It was not a meeting with a good deal of specifying, but every point told. Mrs. Hargrave's "Come home," was a truly-voiced appeal, and Ensign Kennedy's testimony of a religion that had stood the test of his hard case forced conviction. Illustrating by a quick cure for physical ailment he rejoiced over the efficacy of the blood to cleanse, "for," he said, "the

## Old Complaints Can't Come Back to Me.

"There is no excuse for your not being converted—if time is so valuable, what is the worth of eternity—love is stronger than dynamite." These shots and like heavy firing fell from Major Gaskin's gun, and accomplished some piercing work.

The Commissioner did not speak—instead, she asked all who could possibly do so to kneel while she held up the needs of the crowd before the Throne. It was touching to see the ready obedience to her request from many who were evidently unaccustomed to bend in prayer. Tenderly the Commissioner poured out the story of the sorrows and sins of hearts before her into Heaven's listening ear. The visible answer was the return of a prodigal ever whose entrance into deliverance the Commissioner and her staff spent a half-hour's prayer meeting.

The quality of that Shelter dinner and meeting was twice blessed, blessing both the giver and receiver, and owing neither is to be congratulated upon the undoubted success of his Christmas enterprise.



ENSIGN FLETCHER.

Chief Officer at the Workmen's Hotel, Toronto.

The new Lantern Service, "Alone in London," brings tears to all eyes. Even Capt. C., hard-hearted as he is, is had to stop and wipe away his tears.

The story is of an old man and his daughter who lived happily together, not in poverty, but a certain amount of comfort derived from a little newspaper shop. The girl finally falls in love with a young ne'er-do-weel, and against her father's wishes, runs away with him. He never hears from her and time passes slowly with the old man. One night he hears a little girl's voice in the darkness of his shop; lighting the gas quickly he finds a tiny child—Dollie—who says her mamma told her to wait until she came for her. They wait in vain and finally the old man unfashioned her little bundle and finds a note from his wayward daughter asking him to care for her little girl. She goes to India with her soldier husband and Dollie lives with her Grandfather. The heat and stifling atmosphere tell upon the little one, and she begins to fade and pine away. With the help of a poor boy whom he had befriended, the old man, almost blind, succeeds in carrying her to the

# The Coming.

By the Commissioner.

ALREADY the result of our wide-spreading Territory, the notes of that thundering welcome to the arrival of our beloved and honoured

He comes—the Hope of the Defrauded and Destitute—the Messenger of endless salvation to all men; and the inspiration in the zeal of every follower of the Flag, the anticipation of all for the most daring and triumphant campaigning for God and righteousness, the privilege to witness or have a hand in. With a live and confidence shall we greet our God

fought on the blood of God and man.

How closely we are side in the conflicts of the campaign—backing up the faith and prayer, and pushing every plan and each detail of his tour a sweeping success. For the amongst us on his one and undying errand—the blessing and sanctifying of the saint. From the reached us the

## Reverberations of the Halls of Success

and Heavenly-inspired abundant repetition when he shall come in our midst, persistent besieging of the Throne of Grace—all the faith and the devotion of our more desperate shall be one with his own unsparing toiling to the

And God is not the eye of our faith is fixed upon buildings thronged with lined penitent-forms—upon an embowed officer ranks and a public stirred to the very sympathy as the result of our General's visit. Let our prayers be big enough—that our faith asks for great things

## Mighty Spirit of War Extensions—

and the answer will not be a flowing measure of all-conquering grace and fulfillment

As in imagination I see out of warrior welcomers and catch the first glimpse of not only my General but my father, my heart is in my anticipations are deep and high. I look forward when with joy I receive our Commander in Chief, who gave to me now over a year ago, and present to me of whose sacrifice and toil I am so proud, whose hands during that time and enabled us together with God to realize achievements which have, I know, filled the land with joy and astonished the world. The strength of a dauntless faith to the unswerving confidence of a loyal subject, in my voice and sharpness to my sword as together we sing of love and array ourselves to wage

## A Few Privileged Moments of the General's Immediate

By the time this message but a few days will divide us from the date of the General's visit to us—the commencement of a tour which for blessed influences will I believe set in shade our most brilliant successes, enlarge the Kingdom of God, save hundreds of souls, and raise higher, and cheer the General's own invincible

W. L. B. B.

Field Commissioner.

doors of a Children's Hospital only to be told that the seventy-five beds were full and they cannot take her. Sorrowfully they carry her back just in time to see her breathe her last. The thought that only seventy-five out of all the thousands of sick children in that large metropolis could be cared for there never leaves the poor old grandfather and he totters once a week to its doors and laments and prays over this fact.

Remember, those who listen to this service, or who read these lines, that every cent you drop into the box enables us to help a greater number of these poor little ones.



## COMING SOON.

"RECORD MAKING AND RECORD BREAKING," an interesting sketch of Salvation Army work in Japan, by Mrs. Colonel Bailey, of Tokio. Illustrated.

ALL ABOUT THE ARMY WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH WEST.

## Coming Events

### STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICK.

The Sectional Commander of the Northern Central Ontario Section, will visit the following corps:

Newmarket, Sat., Sun., Jan. 15th, 16th.  
Aurora, Mon., Jan. 17th.  
Orillia, Sat., Sun., Jan. 22nd, 23rd.  
Midland, Mon., Jan. 24th.

Soldiers should rally up in numbers and in good time for open-air, and do their best to make the meetings a great spiritual and financial success.

### CAPTAIN COLLIER'S TOUR.

Amherstburg, Jan. 13; Essex, Jan. 14; Windsor, Jan. 15, 16; Cornberg, Jan. 17; Chatham, Jan. 18; Thamesville, Jan. 20; Wardsville, Jan. 21; Bethwell, Jan. 22, 23; Dresden, Jan. 24; Wainwright, Jan. 25; Whitebread, Jan. 26; Pt. Lambton, Jan. 27; Sarnia, Jan. 28, 29, 30; Forest, Jan. 31; Theford, Feb. 1; Wyoming, Feb. 2; Petrolia, Feb. 3; Glen Rae, Feb. 4; Watford, Feb. 5; Warwick, Feb. 7; Strathroy, Feb. 8; London, Feb. 9.

### G. E. M. PROVINCIAL AGENTS' APPOINTMENTS.

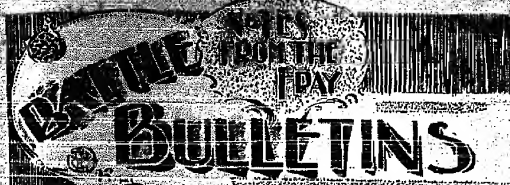
ADJUT. HAY.—Billsington, Jan. 8, 9, 10; Ancona, Jan. 11, 12; Dillon, Jan. 13, 14; Butte, Jan. 15, 16, 17; Great Falls, Jan. 18, 19, 20; Kilsall, Jan. 21, 22; Nelson, Feb. 6, 7; Kalso, Feb. 8, 9; Rossland, Feb. 10, 11.

CAPT. CUMMINS.—Collingwood, Jan. 11, 12; Barrie, Jan. 13, 14; Orillia, Jan. 15, 16; Midland, Jan. 17, 18; Fesserton, Jan. 19; Coldwater, Jan. 20; Orillia, Jan. 21; Gravenhurst, Jan. 22; Bracebridge, Jan. 24, 25; Huntsville, Jan. 26; Parry Sound, Jan. 27, 28; Dunchur, Jan. 29; Ahme Harbor, Jan. 30, 31; Ahme Lake, Feb. 1.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE.—Prince Albert, Jan. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; Carberry, Jan. 14, 15, 16; Winnipeg, Jan. 17, 18; Kirk, Jan. 19, 20; Ft. William, Jan. 22, 23; Pt. Arthur, Jan. 24, 25, 26; Rat Portage, Jan. 27, 28; Kewatin, Jan. 28; Winnipeg, Jan. 31, Feb. 1.







**Halifax.**—We are in the midst of Christmas festivities. Thousands are enjoying God's great blessings to mankind, many of whom take on thought of their eternal welfare, but praise God, many of us are rejoicing in Christ our Saviour, who supplies a continual feast. Hallicon. Grand meeting on Christmas Day. Six recruits enrolled by Adjt. Alkanhead, under the Blood-and-Fire. These Sunday nine souls at the cross for the day.

**The Christmas War Cry Went Like**  
**Mince Pie.**  
It was a good success generally, and very attractive in its appearance.—Sec. Cashin.

**Lingar St.**—As Christmas was a day of family greetings and meetings we just held a morning service to commemorate Christ's birth, and our own birth into a new life with Christ. We had our happy Saturday night Gospel Temperance meeting as usual, which was a success. These are good programmes. They are going well. Sunday was a great day among the soldiers. Knew-drill small. The soldiers and friends ate too much turkey and plum pudding, which made them sleepy in the a.m., but they turned out well all day. Staff Capt. Smeeton and his dear wife conducted the holiness meeting. Major and Mrs. Friedrich took the evening meeting. Great crowds, but hard to convict the sinners, but thank God we caught one soul for Christ.—S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

**Fenelon Falls.**—Special and deep interest is being manifested in the work for God here. Four more have yielded to the stirrings of the Spirit. Of course the devil kicks, but we are enabled to say that if all hell should surround us we would press through the throng conquering, as we go. Yours delighting in the war.—Capt. and Mrs. Williams and Lieut. Tryon.

**Watford.**—Christmas night we rejoiced to see one soul leave the devil's ranks and enlist in the service of the Heavenly King. We give God the praise and glory and march on believing in the great victory. Capt. McIntyre.

**Blenheim.**—Marine Band with us for Saturday and Sunday, and they took the cake. Barracks packed. People delighted with their fine music and attractive songs. Christmas Cry was a beauty.

**All Sold Before Christmas Eve.**

We appreciate the Provincial Officer's Christmas letter. Our Captain is having a trial, but her faith, having been sick a week. She cut her hand very badly. I suppose all the reports of S.-D. are in by this time, but a good thing must not be passed by. Our target was a rise of \$35 on last year, making our target of \$100 large to look at, but we got there all the same. The Groom, Reg. Cor. for Capt. Wheeler and Hollett.

**Pictou.**—We are still marching on doing our utmost for the Kingdom. Our Christmas Trees and children's entertainment with success. Lieut. has farrowed and gone to nurse her sick mother. Captain is still alone, but is believing for help soon. God is on our side, and victory is sure. Two souls since last report.—McIntyre.

**Millbrook.**—We are having times of blessing and victory. Souls are getting saved and are taking their stand for God. Soon after coming to Millbrook we were called to visit a dying girl. The Lord was near and blessed us as we talked and read and prayed. Two hours afterwards she passed away with the words,

"Lord, Take Me."  
on her lips. Since her death her father, her sister, and her brother-in-law have one at a time sought and found Christ at our pentecost visit.—Edna A. Jones, Capt.

**Moscow, Idaho.**—Since opening up Moscow on Nov. 24th, 1917, we have seen four souls crying in God for pardon. Praise God! One of them (S. D.) was 23, which was knocked in the head

alright. The public in general responded willingly to our call for funds for our Self-Denial. They are a fine lot of people here in Moscow. On Wednesday evening Lieutenant Harris recently of Whatecom, arrived to assist Captain Sheard in the war against sin and Satan. On Wednesday night a saloon keeper gave us the privilege of holding our meeting in his saloon, and he did not sell any liquor while the meeting was going on. We had a good crowd and God was very near to us also a good collection. May God bless the saloon keeper, and may his eyes be opened that he may see the danger he is in of not only ruining himself, but others also.—Lieut. S. G. Harris, for Capt. A. Sheard.

**Vancouver.**—We have just celebrated our tenth anniversary in this city with a three days' campaign of the old style war memories. Enrolled nine recruits, commissioned ten Sergeants. One was a deserter sought restoration. We also had a nice present given to us for the barracks. The following will speak for itself. It is a nice 8-day clock. Bro. McNeil, a colored brother, was enrolled on this occasion. Yours plodding along.—M. Ayre.

*(Handwritten note in a cursive script, partially obscured by a stamp.)*  
This clock is given to the Salvation Army barracks of Vancouver for the benefit of the public.  
Given by the young men that hold at the Maritime Restaurant by Reg. Cor. One of its members please see that you give in the cash.

**Mandan, N. D.**—We have had splendid meetings all week, both on the street and in the barracks. Soldiers all on fire for God and souls. One poor backslider came back last night and found pardon. To God be all the glory. Christmas Cry went like hot cakes. All sold out, and we are ready for the New Year's War Cry. Sergt. VanCamp, Dillon, Mont., U. S. A.

**St. Catharines.**—Christmas night we had a service of song which resulted in three men at the pentecost form, two claimed the blessing of pardon. The other was

**Too Full of Fire Water**  
to get this at the moment, but after all day Sunday to sober up at the close of Sunday night's meeting he, with another poor backslider, knelt at the feet of Jesus and got put right. The Christmas War Cry was a beauty and went like hot cakes. We sold out (370). The brigade is working alright.—H. Freeman, Capt.

**Lisbon.**—A visit from Ensign Thompson, our District Officer, was much enjoyed by the Lisbon people last week, and we all say, come again. Five soldiers were enrolled under the Flag, every one of whom pledged themselves to be true. Hallicon! The string Band was to the front and rendered some sweet music.—J. C. H.

**Brandon, Man.**—Great week-end. Ensign MacKenzie with us on Saturday with his magic lantern service, entitled "Sowing the wind," which was enjoyed by all. Brigadier Bennett with us all day Sunday and the Ensign as well. Meetings very good. Enjoyed the Brigadier's visit very much. On Monday night the Brigadier spoke of "The Young Man with the Swelled Head."

'Twas very interesting indeed. Don't be too long, Brigadier, before you come again. Yours for the Cross and Colors.—Trifforia.

**Guelph.**—Has been answering our prayers lately. Two good meetings on Christmas Day. On Sunday the meetings were grand. At night Captain spoke on "The prodigal son," and at the close we rejoiced over ten prodigals returning home, and one Junior. No God we give all the glory and are going on to greater victories.—Jennie Soie.

**Ingersoll.**—Capt. S. E. Ottaway has been called to leave us, and said farewell to a very large congregation on Sunday night. During her stay among us she has been used by the Master in the salvation of sinners, binding together of saints and soldiers, and will leave behind many friends who praise God for lessons taught by and through her life and work. The days is left in a good flourishing condition, both spiritually and financially.

**War Cry Always Bold Out.**  
—generally before Sunday. H. F. and S.-D. far higher than ever before. We're marching on. Hallicon! At farewell one penitent sinner came home. We shall ever remember the lessons and example of loyalty, love and principle received in past few months, influencing our lives for good. Again we take our stand hand in hand and heart in heart with our new God-sent leaders to pull down the devil's kingdom. Yours to help.—M. K. Reg. Cor.

**Peterboro.**—Last Monday night was a happy time for the Peterboro Salvationists. It was our Self-Denial "Gallies" meeting, when every one present found out what was raised. Victory is ours. Hallicon! On Sunday we had the joy of seeing five souls cry to God for mercy, two of whom were children. Praise God forever! Next week I will tell you more of Self-Denial. Yours in Jesus.—E. M. Lang.

**Wedding Bells at Kingston.**—We had a very interesting time December 2nd, when Bandman R. Duwey and Capt. A. Bureur were made one, to fight together for God under the good old Army Flag. They are both members of the Band of Love. May Cambridge, one of our first Band of Love members, presented the bride with a bouquet of white flowers, while Bro. Graeme read a short address to the happy couple from the Band of Love, wishing them long life and prosperity, and "Love" for their motto throughout life. Then on Monday night, it being our private meeting, we had a nice tea, after which we had the pleasure of receiving

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp as Band of Love Members.  
—B. Thompson.

## Lantern Flashes from Newfoundland.

I had a very nice time at Bird Island Cove. Although the people are very poor, yet quite a number turned out to the Lantern Service on Wednesday night and seemed to enjoy themselves to a T. After I had showed them 150 views they wanted more. The General's scheme of helping the poor has never been understood so well before around these parts, so the people say.

After spending three days here I started for Bonavista. Roslen Kenway and Lieut. Higdon made me as welcome as possible. God bless them. Great crowds flocked around here. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that the young people of Bonavista are distinctly Salvation Army. This being one of my old corps, I need not say that I enjoyed myself.

After spending four days here and holding three Lantern Services, I started with Ensign Kenway and Lieut. Higdon accompanying me, to Catalina, where I took the S. S. Virginia Lake for Greenspond, a place that I had longed to go to for years, and at last I could venture that my fare was paid for that place. Had two Lantern Services and raised quite a nice sum of money. Part of it went towards their S.-D. fund.

Then off for Wesleyville, which is a place

**Noted for Lots of Wealth,**  
and I don't think that it is misrepresented, the people are general better off than in many places. After spending a month from St. John's, I boarded the S. S. Virginia Lake to go back, feeling well in soul, and to wait for another appointment. Yours to fight.—G. P. Thompson.

## Quebec's Glorious Victory

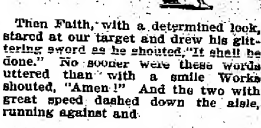
Never has such a brilliant testimony been given by the citizens of the Ancient City of Quebec of their faith in, and their love for, the Salvation Army as in our recent Self-Denial effort.

Repeatedly it is so when we take into consideration that practically speaking we only have a population of some five thousand people, upon whom rests the responsibility of supporting some nine churches and missions as well as the necessary charitable institutions.

Our target was fixed at \$32 by our worthy F. O., which at first made us shake with fear lest we failed. But with a great bang the doors flew open and

**Down the Aisle Marched Faith,**

who had no sooner entered than in rushed "works," and linked his arm with Faith, and to our great delight Fear leaped over the seats and darted out of the door like a flash of lightning.



Then Faith, with a determined look, stared at our target and drew his glittering sword as he shouted, "It shall be done." No sooner were these words uttered than "works" with a smile Work-shouted, "Amen!" And the two with great speed dashed down the aisle, running against and

**Knocking Over One Called Doubt,**

in so doing Faith with one blow cut off his head.

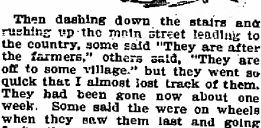
This was a signal for future excitement in the city and country, for they had agreed to make it warm for the whole neighborhood. So after a little thoughtful advice from the G. O. to stand by the two men, no matter where they went, what they did, or how they did it, the meeting was closed and we all retired.

About 10:30 a.m. the next day great excitement prevailed. The news went like wild-fire that these two men were going through the city, calling on many homes on every street, demanding of old and young, rich and poor,

**Their Best Gifts for a Glorious Cause.**

Even the press published two letters referring to the tremendous outbreak upon the city.

Oh, what shouting! What does it mean? So running down the street we soon found out that Faith had just given the only relative of Doubt a fatal blow, then like men of fire they rushed into the offices of the wealthy and running to see the result we first reached there in time to see a note of \$25 passed over the counter.



Then dashing down the stairs and rushing up the main street leading to the country, some said "They are just the farmers," others said, "They are off to some village," but they went so quick that I almost lost track of them. They had been gone now about one week. Some said the were on wheels when they saw them last and going faster than ever.

So being a little weary after our long chase and extreme excitement we returned to tell of some of the things which happened, but had just got nicely started when in they rushed, enquiring for the C. O., and on finding him

**Took from Their Purse Four Hundred and Thirty-Five Dollars**  
The blood was still dripping from the sword, both looked well, only Works was almost out of breath. Faith had gained 15 lbs., but Works declared that Faith had kept him so busy that he had not time to be weighed.

Thus one of the greatest battles has been fought and the victory won. God bless Quebec. One of the Witnesses.

## SONGS

## Tempted Salvation.

Tune.—Even me (S. M., I, 101). Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah (B. J., 121). Calcutta (B. J., 29).

Gracious Lord, while here I'm praying,  
While I'm pleading at Thy feet,  
Come and bless me, come and wash me,  
In my heart Thy work complete.  
By Thy blood, (Repeat)  
Make me for Thy service meet.

Oh I'm doubting, oh I'm fearing,  
Oh I sink beneath the wave,  
Oh I hear Thy gentle whisper,  
But to sin I am a slave.  
By Thy grace,  
Let me prove Thy power to save.

From my soul break every fetter;  
Set me free from every snare;  
Let me rise in full salvation,  
That Thy words I may declare.  
By Thy power,  
I will do, and I will dare.

Lo, it comes, a mighty ocean!  
O'er my heart I feel it flow;  
Crimes—sins—without a limit,  
Washing me as white as snow.  
By Thy love,  
Teach me only, These to know.

H. Kreiger, Edmonton.

## A Wonderful Friend.

Tune.—Dear Jesus is the One I love.  
I've found a friend, oh, such a friend,  
He's washed my every sin away.

He gives me constant peace and joy,  
He's come within my heart to stay.

## Chorus.

Dear Jesus is the One I love!  
Oh, bless His name, He died for me,  
His blood now cleanses me from sin;  
Dear Jesus, now He sets me free.

Though trials and temptations come,  
Yet He is ever by my side,  
He whispers words of hope and cheer,  
My friend, my comfort, and my guide.

Soon will my blessed Saviour come,  
To take me to my home on high,  
That home where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow dim the eye.

L. M., St. John's, Nfld.

## The Cleansing Blood.

Tune.—Shall we gather at the river.  
Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,  
"Nearer Thy precious waves I go;  
Let me prove Thy cleansing power.

Wash and make me white as snow.  
Chorus.  
Round us flows the Cleansing River,  
etc.

Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,  
Precious waves that cleanse from sin,  
I have proved Thy cleansing power,  
I have washed and been made clean.

Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,  
Still Thy cleansing waves do flow,  
Thou canst cleanse the vilest stains,  
Wash and make them white as snow.

Sergt. May Laug, Peterboro.

## Western Favorites.

Tune.—If you love your mother, meet her in the sky.  
In a dismal chamber lay a dying boy,  
Though a wretched drunkard,  
Once his mother's joy;

But, alas, like many he was led astray,  
As he whispered gently, this I heard him say:  
"Tell my dear old mother not to weep for me,  
I've been wild and wayward, good and kind was she,  
Only let me see her ere I go to rest,  
Just one glimpse of mother, is my last request."

## Chorus.

"Tell my dear old mother not to weep for me,  
I've been wild and wayward, good and kind was she,  
Only let me see her ere I go to rest,  
Just one glimpse of mother, is my last request."

"Often have I grieved her, yes, for many a year.

Caused her pain and anguish, and many a bitter tear;  
But to-night I'm lonely, sorrow fills my heart,  
For I feel forever from her I must part.

Well I do remember that bright and happy home,  
Where I spent my childhood, far across the foam,  
Now by all forsaken and despaired am I,  
Only a poor drunkard, left alone to die."

Mark Dean Phelps, Dillon, Mont.

## All May Come.

Tune.—Come to the Saviour (B. B., S. M., I, 354).

5 Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,  
Ye sinners, children of men;  
He left His throne above to reveal His wondrous love,  
And to open a fountain for sin.

## Chorus.

I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I'm saved through the Blood of the Lamb!  
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

Why do you linger? why do you linger?  
Oh, when will you haste to be saved?  
Your time is flying fast, and your day will soon be past,  
Oh, arise now and come and be saved.

## The Sinner's Refuge.

Tune.—Jesus lover (B. J., 131, S. M., II, 75).

6 Jesus! lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,  
Still the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing stream abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## Trimings from the Trade

OUR friend, Auxiliary 1782, from Boston, is up in arms against the drink traffic. His whole heart seems to be in it. We were pleased to send him the half-tone engraving "One of the thousands whose lives are shadowed by strong drink." May God prosper him in this desperate engagement.

Ensign Wright has worn an overcoat made by S. A. for ten long years. He has just placed his order for a new one.

Ensign Adams, from the East, and Captain Toole, our Westerner, wrote me saying some good things, being repetitions of what some of our customers have told them. It is very kind of you, my comrades, a pat upon a humble man's back won't do him any harm.

Kindly announce to your friends, and whenever it is in the ears of everybody, that we are open to receive subscriptions to All the World (monthly) \$1.00 per year; The Musical Salvationist (monthly) \$1.00 per year; The Deliverer (monthly) \$1.00 per year.

Officers! Why do you not subscribe for your magazine? It is a wonderful help to the F. O. There are a number of officers who would not be without it. The Office is mailed to you monthly at only 25c. per year.

The "Local Office," a copy of which

has been sent to every corps, is the latest of our periodical production. It is published for the benefit of the local officers, such as Sergeants-Majors, Sergeants, Treasurers, Secretaries, etc. We are now calling subscriptions and would advise our comrades holding commissions to subscribe at once. 50c. per year, post free.

## Our Hustlers' Column.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—22 Hustlers.

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Mary Robinson, Riversdale 25  
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Sergt. Burton, Hamilton II. 20  
Sergt. Sarah Carwardine, Riversdale 20  
Lieut. Atwell, Hamilton I. 20  
Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I. 20  
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, St. Catharines 20

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Lieut. Cuts, Belleville 67  
Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro 60  
Capt. Danks, Burlington, Vt. 51  
Capt. French, Peterboro 50  
Lieut. Liddell, Kingston, Vt. 44  
Donald Munro, Barre, Vt. 37  
Mrs. Green, Peterboro 36  
Lieut. Dawson, Brighton 34  
Capt. Chapple, Brighton 30  
Sis. Thompson, Belleville 30  
Sergt. Hook, Belleville 30  
Hannah Smith, Peterboro 25  
Mrs. W. Hudson, Peterboro 20  
Bro. D. Harrington, Brighton 20  
Mrs. Veale, Barre, Vt. 20  
Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro 20  
Mrs. Scott, Peterboro 20

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Capt. Ottaway, Ingersoll 126  
Lieut. Cline, Gravelly 70  
Capt. A. McIntyre, Wainford 70  
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton 65  
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 64  
Mrs. Scott, Guelph 58  
Sis. Brindley, Goderich 58  
Mrs. Capt. Slote, Guelph 34  
Robert Newton, Clinton 27  
Nellie Sole, Guelph (av. 2 wks) 27  
Minnie Candor, Clinton 20  
Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich 20

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—10 Hustlers.

Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg 203  
Capt. Graham, Edmonton (2 wks) 145  
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg 126  
Ensign Hayes, Calgary 114  
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks 105  
Capt. Ledrew, Brandon 85  
Sis. Mrs. Johnson, Elmwood 70  
Lieut. Barreter, Grand Forks 59  
Lieut. Anderson, Regina 42  
Bro. John Simpson, Regina (av. 2 wks) 31

## EASTERN PROVINCE—9 Hustlers.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 375  
Lieut. A. Martin, Woodstock, N.B. 209  
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax 173  
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow 160  
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow 120  
Adj. Aikenhead, Halifax I. 85  
Cand. E. Priddham, Amherst, N. S. 42  
Carrie Conard, Halifax 41  
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I. 20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE—6 Hustlers.

Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont. 145  
Mrs. Adj. Ayr, Vancouver, B. C. 125  
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks) 70  
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C. 55  
Nedra Ida Galna, Victoria, B. C. 35  
Sis. Mortimer, Victoria, B. C. 35

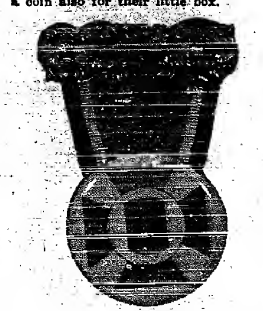
## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars may be had from Harry-Carlton Bennett, One James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



By MRS. STAFF, CAPT. EMBERTON.

W I can now say our new badge is a reality. So far we have been talking forward to it, but by the time these lines are printed our local agents will be in possession of it, and we trust wearing the new badge. It is in the style of a medal with a bar across the top through which is passed a pretty strip of ribbon. A round pendant upon which is stamped a yellow box and the letters "G. B. M. Agent" gathers the end of the ribbon, the whole forming a striking and appropriate badge for our Light Brigade workers. When you see one of the comrades be sure and give them a cheering word and smile, for they have many discouragements, and kind looks and words cost nothing. Of course you may give them a coin also for their little box.



A letter to hand from Adj. Hay tells of the difficulty of travelling to some of the towns and cities—"To get to this place I had to stage it down a mountain side, received a good shaking up during the ride. Lantern slides and graphophone records, as well as ones own person, would need special care during the above journey, we should judge. The people of the Far West seem to be so unsettled that the Local Agents and soldiers never know just how long they may be employed in a certain town, hence we have considerable difficulty in presenting a reliable list of Local Agents' names. However, should any comrade receive a badge and authority card who has reason to act in this capacity please return it to the Temple, Toronto.

Our genial friend and comrade, Ensign Andrews, brought his smiling face into our office the other day. "Just returned from Newfoundland," he informed us, and the rest has done him much good. We are sorry to lose our comrade from the Light Brigade, but our loss will be the Field's gain as the Ensign purposes taking a corps. God bless him! We have his promise to push the G. B. M. wherever he goes, so are expecting great things from him.

Welcome, Capt. Collier, to this band of God's helpers. We are glad to extend to you our very best wishes for your success and trust you may find your new work a real inspiration and joy to your soul. Comrades of the W. O. P. especially greet you and promise with the New Year to aid in your every effort. The new Lantern Service, "The Torch Bible," will be coming to your corps, and will bless and encourage you, I know.

Capt. Cummins has started on his lengthy tour after three weeks of hard work in Toronto. The Agents are nicely at work now and are doing a determined effort will accomplish greater things than have ever been done. With sixteen Agents for the city something should be done.

Ensign Mackenzie, of the North West Province is happy. "You have sent me just what I wanted," "Sowing the Wind," he writes, and those who see this service will be delighted with it. God bless and save the backsliders who listen.

Ensign Perry and "Little Jimmie" will do well in the East. "Orange Barrie" has been a real glimpse into Yorkshire life for the Eastern friends. We trust "Jasie" will be a good success.

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## “HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY SELL THE “WAR DRY?”

## A Tale of Two Continents

By WILLIAM H. COX, Editor-in-Chief S. A. Publications, New York City

"Study men, not books."—Henry Clay

## INTRODUCTORY

**THE** STUDY of humanity is always interesting; more than that, it is profitable to those whose hearts have been touched by the love in Calvary's stream and whose lives are consecrated to the blessed work of saving lost souls. America, as no other country in the world, has the greatest number who possess the faculty to study human life under varied conditions. A journeyman, a student, a soldier, a sailor, a road car or steamship is a veritable encyclopedia to the close observer, such is the variety of disposition, of demeanor, of character, of culture, of training, of the more or less mixed blood of a score of nations and double that number of races, of languages, of customs, of traditions. This is a fact patent to all Americans before stated, as a study it is in itself surpassingly interesting; but it is much more than that. It is a duty, a sacred duty, like that of the Salvationist, it is to seek to bring the children of all climes to the cleansing contact with the blood of Calvary's sacrifice. It is a great and noble opportunity which must be utilized.

of the Shetar Catechism and a rigid attendance upon the Sabbath services. Then the parish kirk was conveniently near-inconveniently near it sometimes being a mile or more distant. "A stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" to Wallace senior, particularly because of the "strabbling, waddling or bated celebration" of the time honored custom to imble lather quantities of the potent decoction known as "mountain dew," but in the more proper sense as common "whusky." On these occasions, and, to tell the truth, on others also, the minister, who was a good fellow, ends to have found a reply if questioned as to what particular event he was celebrating, either the wedding or rather the baptism, and the answer is always being assisted by the light of the depth of the night, it was a fact he had to face that, contrary to the Shetar Catechism, that particular kirk had a nasty, unkind, and unbecoming pickanining upon every street corner which he passed, bestowing upon him the

### Cheerily, Remonstrating Brown

and he seemed to know the line where the large, gutted croaker with crowns of the ago-blackened spines had come from the terra firma, and, blasting out with a strange luminance, had walked solemnly into the water. "I don't know," he said. "This was very odd," he said. "I am not a person of Wallace's understanding," he said, whose mind the question of the rightness or wrongness—the consistency or otherwise—of the thing he had seen so long ago had settled beyond peradventure: of course in the positive. He would go as far as to say he never had heard of such a subject, and would quote the names of scores of his friends, and as many more of his own more notable ancestors, who had served the same purpose, and who had never been drunk when opportunity offered. He was noble in the land. It was the recognition, noble, honored by long usage, and if the other argument were necessary, why not the other? He took a nap, he draped himself in a white, And yet—

**And oh, that Awni Cross**

This was the kind of spiritual atmosphere that William Wallace was reared in. It continued the same year after year without interruption, until one day an unexpected break came. One of the men who had been working as a baker among the shipping craft of the port, suddenly found himself without employment. Without loss of time—for there was no bank account to draw from, and Scotch children have as good an appetite for privation when their father is out of work as when he is in—Wallace set out to seek work at Airdrie, some distance away.

For some reasons he failed to correspond with his wife, who, after spending her last dabbles upon a morsel of meal for breakfast for herself and little ones, found herself one day, through the inconsiderate treatment of an unsympathetic landlord, who seized the household chatties for back rent.

## Homeless, Bragless

and practically husbandless, a wanderer upon the streets of a great city. The possibility of such a life, however, was never dawned upon the mind of the poor woman, and after the harshly-enforced discipline on the blood with brains dazed and limbs numb, she was left staring-eyed and weak was best to be done. And after, when to Heaven in mute appeal. Finally, still half-stupified, and without resources of any sort, she made her way, with her hands and feet dragging wonderingly to her skirts to Glasgow, where she once opened a space on the suburbs of the city. With a prayer to God for His protection, she left the children, after putting them to sleep, and here they were found the next morning, lying dead, their bodies lying in a bunch like a lot of kittens.

(To be continued)

MIRACLES ARE ONLY THE RESULTS OF THE HIGHER LAWS OF OUR LORD'S PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

**A** GENTLEMAN said to me not long ago, "I don't understand how you people will come out night after night, month in and month out, to your marches and meetings. I should think you would get tired, especially during these summer months."

His words were ringing in many a thought. "I have thought of them again and again. The problem? What is the solution of the problem? What really is it that constrains our dead soldiers to turn out 7 a.m., half or shine, to be at their posts in the biting snows and frosts of January, and in the warm evenings of July and August, after perhaps having spent their day in a broiling foundry, or been amidst the whirl of machinery in a factory for ten or eleven long hours previous? Then I thought, with the heart and the affections are centred upon Jesus and the dying world around us.

It is no More Sacred Duty, but Love that

**Constrains,**  
and then the sacrifice would consist in NOT being upon the field of battle—for where our treasure is there will our hearts be also.

My mind wandered to the business man, the nights spent in planning and scheming to make his hundreds grow into thousands, the hours of thought and mental strain trying to make up his mind as to which investment will bring in the largest return. Everything must be made to bend to his business.

When health is gone, everything worth living for is gone. A large bank account will bring but little comfort to any soul. Solomon says: "There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men: A MAN TO WHOM GOD HATH GIVEN RICHES, WEALTH AND HONOR, SO THAT HE WANTED NOTHING FOR HIS SOUL OF ALL THAT HE DESIRETH, YET GOD GIVETH HIM NOT POWER TO EAT THEREOF."

Then I thought of the politician, the money invested, the pains taken, the trouble and personal sacrifice gone to to attain his object, and when attained what real lasting benefit or satisfaction does it bring? The words of Jesus are as true to-day as ever they were,

How can ye Believe which Receive  
Honour One of Another, and Seek not  
the Honour that Cometh from God  
Only?"

Everything worth having (and a good many things not worth having) entail a great deal of self-sacrifice of a certain kind to obtain. The physician must be at everybody's beck and call if he is to build up a practice. The lawyer must spend hours of thought in the interest of his client if he hopes to win his case for him. Nobody thinks for a moment of dubbing the professional or the business man who the title of martyr, and who will innumerable sacrifices are laid upon the shrine of their profession or business as the case may be.

Now look at the Salvationist. What does she gain by tramping the streets in all kinds of weather, or he, by being in his accustomed place in the open-air singing night after night, singing the praises of a crucified Saviour? Some would answer, "Nothing—excepting the unenviable reputation of making fools of themselves." I would reply, "Much—in every way."

See that poor drunkard, a disgrace to himself and society, and a terror to his wife and helpless little ones, as he

**Statement by the One of Our Quarterly Meetings—**

the simple song, and more simple testimony he hears goes home to his darkened heart and works a revolution there. The drink is cast aside, the drunkard becomes a sober man, a kind husband and a loving father. In that broken-hearted outcast, as she stands and drinks in the story of the Cross and hears that

Jesus does not despise, but loves her. Is it not worth the toil of weeks and months to lead her to Him? "But," argue someone, "They don't stand. Salvation Army converts are perpetually backsliding." Now, this is not true. Some DO backslide, and considering their surroundings and environments it is not much to be wondered at, unless they have learned the secret of praying without ceasing; but the larger number do NOT backslide, and I assure that if only one soul is led out of bondage, darkness, and despair into liberty, light and joy that this one is really WORTH years of labor, and that you receive a larger and greater return for that labor than if you

**Gained Thousands in Money or Made a  
Name for Yourself**

in the realms of society, business or anything else.

The world cannot—at least under the existing condition of things—go on without statesmen, doctors, lawyers and me-

know this; and although democratic agitators have made large use of the word, it has not been on their moral character and power of intelligence, very few of them (at least in this is the writer's experience) have completely lost the ability to detect the subtle influence of real sympathy, and recognizing it, to appreciate it to its utmost. That is the reason there is generally a large sprinkling of them in Salvation Army audiences; that is likewise the reason (for which we render glory to God) that many of this class are wont to leave the profession and service of the Lamb of God.

The chief character of this story is a marvel of the transforming influence of God's power. Picked out as a sample of the work being accomplished at one of our most cosmopolitan corps, we present him to our readers—as he was, in spirit—*unleavened bread*, moral depravity and physical degeneracy; and as he is to-day—clean in heart and life and a worthy member of the community in which he lives. All glory be to God!

## CHAPTER I

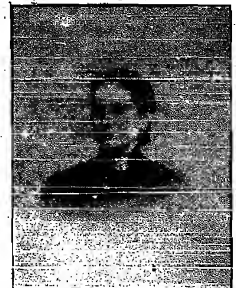
## RELIGION IN PLENTY

**W**HILE there was the Wallace children, or rather burial, for they were Scotch—real Glasgow Scotch. There was William, our subject, a brother, and sister. The parents were returned from the States, and were in a room for doubt on that question. There was every reason why they should be so, and absolutely none why they should not. The father was a man of the world, and he had been fairly from time immemorial held in office in one capacity and another in this kirk, and were they not known more or less as the great benefactors of the kirk? True, the fortunes of the Wallaces had much waned of recent years, and they could not now afford to keep up appearances of the kind which had formerly been required of them for service in the kirk, or sought after socially, but that must not be allowed to interfere with their church duties. The minister almost invariably took his meals of

### Memorizing the Westminster Confession

chanics, and bless God for the number who love Him and put His Kingdom first, but still the fact remains that though all work can and should be spiritual, yet the more directly spiritual it is the more JOY is attached to it. It is wisest to invest your capital, though it may not be a large one, of brains, health, time, and whatever else we may have, in God's service. The interest paid down here is higher than we can get investing them

in self, the world, the devil, or anything else, and our treasure will be continually accumulating above, "where moth nor rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."



**CADET ADA LIDDARD**

that it is going to help and bless others,  
and ask God to help me to do it in the  
spirit.—Ada Liddard

• • •

Pray before you start out to sell. Feel that you are selling them for God. Don't be afraid to ask a person to buy. Try and make the people feel that they are getting the worth of their money. Know



**CADET SARAH DAWSON**

what is in the Cry for yourself. If the War Cry has a good frontpage show it. If there is a photo or more in it, don't fail to tell them all the good things you can about the persons. Try, and don't take no for an answer.—Cadet Sarah Dawson, Lippincott St.

Some time ago a man who had been a big sinner got up and told the story of his sins in public, but he told it in such a way that after he was through the people said "We thought he had a little sense, but now we know that he never did have any." There is a right and a wrong way for a man to tell about his past experience. An evidence of the a-which is furnished by a little incident which occurred in the temple of Jericho two ago, when a man who had been a slave to his sins went to Ensign Kennings and told him of his guilt. He gave no reason for telling him, but he said he had always felt he wanted to tell him of his trouble over since he heard the Mormon tell the story of his life at the Ensign.



# Look!! Look!! Look!!

## THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGNS.

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### Eastern Campaign.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Tuesday, January 18th, at the Centenary Church. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in the Chair.

Wednesday and Thursday, January 19th and 20th, at the Institute.

HALIFAX, N.S.—Friday, January 21st, at the Academy of Music. J. O. Macintosh, Esq., in the Chair.

Saturday, January 22nd, at the Barracks, for Salvation Army Soldiers only.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd, day of Salvation at the Academy of Music.

MONTREAL—Tuesday and Wednesday, January 24th and 25th, to be followed by Meetings at OTTAWA, KINGSTON, PETERBORO, HAMILTON, LONDON and TORONTO.

### Western Campaign.

VICTORIA, B.C., VANCOUVER, B.C., SPOKANE, Washington, and WINNIPEG. Fuller particulars later.

(Young Children and Infants in Arms Cannot be Admitted.)



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